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Prayer for Divine Help.

Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord,
The souls that turn to Thee;
And from the devil and the world
Our guard and solace be.
And as the mariners at sea
Still watch some guiding star
So fix our hearts and hopes on Thee
Until thine own they are.
—Miss L. E. LANDON.

Impressions From My Trip to Ashland and Return.

I have given you a crude outline of my trip, and as I could not keep thinking along the route, I concluded to give you a few thoughts which made some impression on my mind.

1st. I am impressed with the fact that the church is getting awake to the need of a pure literature. On this point the church has been asleep. A few have toiled through the long night, and held the fort, while others have been sleeping and enjoying the security. But I find the churches are being roused up, and some are getting the dust out of their eyes and are commencing to realize that the church needs a pure literature, and more of it. Men and women talked to me on that subject and expressed themselves in favor of pushing this line of work, and if they will now act half as much as they talked, they will keep doing a good work, all talk and no doing will ruin any church. And there has been too much of this in the Brethren Church. If men who talk would only put their shoulders to the wheel and push, the work could be done. Let every critic, every fault finder, every writer, every one who feels like writing, every one interested in the church take a postal card, or a sheet of paper, and pen a bit of news, a thought lying near the heart, or a comment on some subject and send it to the paper, and next week you will feel toward it as the deacon did toward the prayer meeting, he always thought the meeting more interesting if he took part in it. It is the church's own fault she has no better literature. Stop growling and pouting and go to work, and see if what I tell you is not true.

2nd. I am impressed with the fact that there is a desire on the part of the earnest workers in the church to save Ashland College. Two years ago in traveling ore the same ground, I found men hopeless regarding the college. Last week I found them to be the most earnest workers, and the best friends Ashland College has, with strong faith and bright hopes for her success. There has been such a struggle, and the work has been so hard, that it would be a shame to give up now. But I hardly anticipate such a condition of things. Those who have been working in the interest of the College are working with all their hearts, and are pushing the cause to the extent of their powers. I believe the end will come with success as a crown. It is not until the college lives, but until we live with the college. I have been conservative on this question but I am inclined to be more progressive. I do not intend to

do nothing then when the college dies, sing out, I told you so, but I will work for her success, and when living and glowing with work, I can say, I helped to make her what she is. Brethren this latter course is the best. Bro. Jacob Keim suggested that we know who all the friends of Ashland College are. I would suggest that all the friends of Ashland College send their names to Jacob Keim, Louisville, Ohio. It will only cost a postal card and one tiny stream of influence united to many others may make a great stream, that will turn mills, water farms, and carry precious freight to the great ocean, and even across it, to the eternal harbor.

3. I am impressed with the fact, that some of our churches realize the power of a consecrated pocket-book. They have grasped the fact, that while the Gospel is free, it requires money to push it among sinners. The water from nature's own well is free, but the channel through which it comes must be kept up, and the vessel in which it is carried must be paid for. So salvation is free, but the church channel through which it comes must be kept, and the vessel in which it is carried must be fed and clothed and sheltered. Some of the churches are realizing this and are acting accordingly, and will reap the benefit. Some are not awake yet, but when they see what is being done by those around them, they will get the gold-dust out of their eyes and put it where it will do the most good. It is useless for churches to be so afraid of talking money, or afraid to ask for money. Those who are the most squeamish on the subject are frequently the most stingy. Some men I have met talk like saints but the devil holds a mortgage on them through the pocket book. When these men are converted they may do much to strengthen the brethren. As a general thing I believe the church is coming round right, and I trust all will be able to answer the question: 'How much owest thou to my Lord?'

But I will not weary you more. I could tell you many things my perception grasped, but they will keep for future use. I am pleased with the future prospects of the church. True there are breakers along the coast, but if the Master is in the vessel, we need not fear. He who rebuked the winds and sea in olden times, has the power now, to remove all obstacles, and trusting him, we may glide into the eternal harbor, where all the ship's company shall meet.

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan; but the words, 'God is love,' ought to contain to every bountiful soul the solution of all things.—Mrs. Muloch.

Obey God rather than man is wisdom.

Items and Criticisms.

I wonder sometimes if there is anything in the world that can make a man feel smaller and more insignificant than a lot of printer's errors in an article of which he felt proud, and from which he expected some favorable criticism. Horror, indignation, and shame strive for the mastery. At the first feeling of humiliation we wish we could just get five minutes talk with the compositor and publisher. Then it is a good thing for every one that the coveted conversation never took place. But in the long run it is a good thing that we have our pride and conceit humbled a little. Thus a careless printer can become the minister of good.

When I first entered the ministry, I was called to a certain place to preach. Of course like all young ministers I had great anticipations and made great preparations. I loaded up my carpet bag with my best thoughts, committed many well rounded sentences to memory, and intended to make a great impression. I arrived at the place. The house was crowded. The meeting was opened. My time for preaching came. I arose with great assurance, and when I beheld the sea of upturned faces, my assurance gave way, and away went the bottom out of my carpet bag, and I forgot everything but the text, and I would have forgotten that if I had not found it and marked it before I arose. So after my embarrassment disappeared somewhat I had to rely on the Lord after all. The carpet bag gave out. Moral do not depend too much on self. It is too unreliable.

There is no more beautiful and instructive sight than that of the shepherd caring for the lambs—watching them in their feebleness, providing for their hunger, carrying them in his bosom, and sheltering them in the fold. The very word pastor implies the duties of a shepherd, and the caring for the lambs should be prominent and foremost. On the lambs the shepherd depends for his future flock. This should be the hope and care of the true pastor. The children are too much neglected. Some pastor's we are sorry to say even do not care for their own children, leave alone the children of his parishioners. With this stern fact so prominent, is it any wonder that they say preacher's children are worse than others.

'God moves in a mysterious way.' It is the very mysteriousness of God's working which often baffles and perplexes us. Forgetting that the divine plan of our lives may be different from that which we have marked out for ourselves, we are sometimes stunned when the two come into collision. We attribute our painful experience to the withdrawal of God's presence, whereas, in reality it is attributable to the desire of God to make his presence more blessedly felt. God knows best, and if he sometimes takes us by the harder, he

also takes us by the less treacherous road.

'God never is before his time and never is behind.' This is an old saying and so full of truth. But our time is not always God's time. When trouble comes and our prayers for its removal are apparently unheeded, we think he seems to have forgotten to be gracious. We should always reasonably suppose that he has some wise purpose to fulfill, which we should wait to see disclosed.

God's blessing is not limited to the act of deliverance, but includes the pledge of his presence at every step of the way to the promised land. The deliverance of the Israelites from the power of Pharaoh was but the first of a long series of providences by which God showed his care over his people. His purpose was to lead them by a way which they knew not of, unto a 'good land and large,' so that at the journey's end they might look back in wonder at God's wisdom and their own sinful unbelief. We can see God's purpose for us in his dealings with the children of Israel. Christ is a greater Moses, through whom we are not only delivered from the punishment of sin, but sanctified also as 'a peculiar people' and made meet for the 'inheritance of the saints in light.' Our conversion is merely the turning point. Heaven is the goal, and God is with us all the way, and his spirit sanctifying us for the purity of home. We shall wonder, at the end, over our ingratitude and the grace and mercy of God.

The votaries of what is erroneously termed 'advanced thought,' who openly and defiantly antagonize and contradict plain gospel teaching, are most unscrupulous in clothing their anti-Christian views in the most seductive garbs of angels of light.

Because a man is a 'thinker' he has no right to put any interpretation on the Bible, and then contend that he alone is right. Because these interpretations are original is no argument that they alone are right. All other passages, no matter how antagonistic to his theory must be explained away. To make an assertion, and to prove it beyond all doubt are two different things.

EDWARD MASON.

Just Put a Dollar in The Man's Shoes.

In one of our colleges the professor, who made himself very friendly with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoe. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. 'I will hide his shoes; we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do.'

'No' said the professor, 'it would not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar

in the man's shoes; then we will hide behind the bushes, and see what he will do.'

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly.

When the laborer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it, and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessings conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven.

'There,' said the professor 'how much better this is than to have hidden the old man's shoes.'

No man can truly say either of nature or history, 'I know!' He can only say, 'I believe!' Knowledge is realized only in God. It is only of Christ that any man can truly say, 'I know!'—South-west Presbyterian.

An infidel once asked a lady if she believed the Bible. 'Yes.' 'Why do you believe in the book?' 'Because,' said she, 'I am acquainted with the Author'. This is proof that can not be gainsaid.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed.—Geo. MacDonald.

The cry about Prohibition not prohibiting in Kansas City is getting weak. Recently Joseph Fife was chosen County Prosecutor on the simple platform that he would suppress these dens of vice. Few thought he could do it; but at the last session of the Grand Jury fifty saloon keepers were indicted and lodged in jail. So far the result has been as follows:

On Friday Tobias Hogan was tried for selling twenty-three glasses of beer, and was found guilty on the twenty-three counts. His sentence was to pay \$2,300 and to spend 690 days in jail.

On Saturday R. R. Dunbar was tried on twenty-two counts, found guilty on all of them, and was fined \$2,200 and sentenced to 630 days in jail.

Twelve of the 'Jointists' who had been in jail for several weeks came to the front and pleaded guilty. Here are the penalties awarded to them:

An Armourdale tough pleaded guilty to five counts, and Judge Miller assessed a fine of \$500 and 150 days' imprisonment.

H. Swigard, 'Black' Murphy Charles Hurd, John Cheatwood, Joe Gettry, Joe Osier, and James Croning also pleaded guilty to five counts.

Edward Hogan (five counts), \$500 fine and 150 days in jail. H. Swigard, 'Black' Murphy, Charles Hurd, John Cheatwood, Joe Gettry, Joe Osier and James Croning (five counts each), \$500 each and 30 days in jail. Alexander Reck (ten counts), \$1,000 fine and 300 days in jail. Will Hogan (three counts), \$300 fine and 90 days in jail. R. W. Hubbard (two counts), \$200 fine and 90 days in jail.

The total amount of fines when the above was first printed, amounted to \$9,100, and with it an aggregate of 2,730 days in jail. At this rate it will not be long until every saloon is closed in Kansas City.